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ATHALIA:

A. N.

ORATORIO,

M. B. N.
O R

SACRED DRAMA.

By Mr. HUMPHREYS.

Set to MUSICK by Mr. HANDEL.

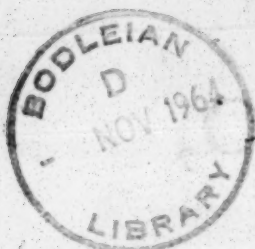
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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

JOASH, King of *Judah*.

JOAD, or JEHOIADA, High-Priest.

ABNER, Captain of the *Jewish* Forces.

MATHAN, Priest of *Baal*, formerly a *Jewish* Priest.

Chorus of *Israelitish* Priests and Levites.

Chorus of *Sidonian* Priests.

W O M E N.

ATHALIA, Queen of *Judah*, Grandmother to *Joash*.

JOSABETH, or JEHOSHEBA, Aunt of *Joash*, and Wife of *Joad*.

Chorus of young Virgins of the Tribe of *Levi*.





A T H A L I A.



P A R T I.

SCENE I. *The Temple.*

JOSABETH, Israelites, and Chorus of young Virgins.

A I R.

Josab.  LOOMING Virgins, spotless Train,
Great Jehovah claims your Lays!
Hail the Wonders of his Reign!
Wake the Day-spring with his Praise!

C H O R U S.

*The rising World Jehovah crown'd,
With bright Magnificence around ;
He hung the radiant Orbs on high,
And pour'd the Sun-beams through the Sky.
He lent the Flow'rs their lovely Glow,
And breath'd the Fragrance they bestow ;
The Plains with verdant Charms array'd,
And beautify'd with Green the Glade.*

A 2

Grand

A T H A L I A.

Grand C H O R U S.

*O Mortals! if around us here,
So wond'rous all his Works appear;
Ah, think with Awe, ye Sons of Men,
How wond'rous is their Author then!*

A I R.

Josab. *Tyrants would, in impious Throngs,
Silence his Adorer's Songs;
But shall Salem's Lyre and Lute
At their proud Commands be mute?*

Grand C H O R U S.

*Tyrants, ye in vain conspire!
Wake the Lute and strike the Lyre!
Why should Salem's Lyre and Lute
At their proud Commands be mute?*

R E C I T.

*Priest. When he is in his Wrath reveal'd,
Where will the Haughty lie conceal'd?*

A I R.

*When Storms the Proud to Terrors doom,
He forms the dark majestick Scene;
He rolls his Thunder through the Gloom,
And on the Whirlwind rides serene.*

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S.

O Judah! *boast his matchless Law,*
Pronounc'd with such tremendous Awe;
When Tempests his Approach proclaim'd,
And Sinai's trembling Mountain flam'd,
All Judah then his Terrors saw.

S C E N E II.

Enter J O A D.

Joad. Your sacred Songs awhile forbear,
 This Festival demands your Care;
 And now no longer let your Stay
 The due Solemnities delay.
 O *Judah!* *Judah!* Chosen Seed!
 To what Distress art thou decreed!
 How are thy sacred Feasts profan'd!
 Thy Rites with vile Pollution stain'd!
 Proud *Athalia's* impious Hand
 Sheds Desolation thro' thy Land;
 She bids unhallow'd Altars flame,
 And proudly braves *Jehovah's* Name.

A I R.

O Lord, *whom we adore,*
Shall Judah rise no more?
Can this be thy Decree?
Hear from thy Mercy-seat,
The Groans thy Tribes repeat,
The Sighs they breathe to thee!

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S.

*Hear from thy Mercy-seat,
The Groans thy Tribes repeat,
The Sighs they breathe to thee!*

[Exeunt.

S C E N E III. *The Palace.*

ATHALIA and Attendants. To them ABNER, MATHAN, and
Chorus of Sidonian Priests.

Ath. What Scenes of Horror round me rise!
I shake, I faint with dire Surprise!
Is Sleep, that frees the Wretch from Woe,
To Majesty alone a Foe?
O *Mathan!* aid me to countroul
The wild Confusion of my Soul.

Mat. Why shrinks that mighty Soul with Fear?
What Cares, what Danger can be near?

Ath. E'en now, as I was sunk in deep Repose,
My Mother's awful Form before me rose.
But ah! she chill'd my Soul with Fear;
For thus she thunder'd in my Ear:
O *Athalia!* tremble at thy Fate!
For *Judab's* God pursues thee with his Hate,
And will with unrelenting Wrath this day
Set all his Terrors round thee in Array!

C H O R U S of Attendants and Sidonian Priests.

*The Gods, who chosen Blessings shed
On Majesty's anointed Head,
For thee their Care will still employ,
And brighten all thy Fears to Joy.*

R E C I T.

R E C I T.

Atb. Her Form at this began to fade,
 And seem'd dissolving into Shade ;
 In racking Starts I vainly press'd
 To clasp her to my panting Breast :
 She, pale, from my Embrace withdrew,
 And bleeding Limbs lay mang'ed in my View ;
 The horrid Carnage Dogs contending tore,
 And drank with dreadful Thirst the floating Gore.

C H O R U S of Attendants, &c.

*Chear her, O Baal, with a soft Serene,
 And in thy Votary protect the Queen !*

R E C I T.

Atb. Amidst these Horrors that my Soul dismay'd,
 A Youth I saw, in shining Robes array'd,
 Such as the Priests of *Judab* wear,
 When they for solemn Pomp prepare.
 His lovely Form, and winning Smile,
 Suspended all my Fears awhile :
 But as the young *Barbarian* I carefs'd,
 He plung'd a Dagger deep within my Breast ;
 No Efforts could the Blow repel,
 I shriek'd, I fainted, and I fell.

Mat. Great Queen, be calm ! these Fears I deem
 The Birth of a delusive Dream !
 Let Harmony breathe soft around,
 For Sadness ceases at the Sound !

A I R.

A T H A L I A.

A I R.

One of the ? Gentle *Airs*, melodious *Strains*,
 Attendants. } Call for *Raptures* out of *Woe* ;
 Lull the regal *Mourner's Pains*,
 Sweetly sooth her as ye flow.

A I R.

Ath. *Softest Sounds* no more can ease me,
Heav'n a Weight of Woe decrees me,
Horrors all my Hopes destroy ;
Whilst such rising Torments grieve me,
Tuneful Strains can ne'er relieve me,
Vain is all the Voice of Joy.

R E C I T.

Math. Swift to the Temple let us fly, to know
 What Mansion hides this youthful Foe.

Abner. [*Aside.*] I'll haste the Pontiff to prepare
 For this black Storm of wild Despair. [*Exit Abn.*]

C H O R U S.

The Traitor if you there descry,
O let him at the Altar die !

S C E N E IV.

JOAD, JOSABETH, CHORUS ; and to them ABNER.

Joad. My *Josabeth*, the grateful Time appears
 To bid dejected *Judab* end her Fears.

Jos. O tell the People, as I oft' have crav'd,
 How I from Death the Royal Infant sav'd.

Abner.

Abner. Priest of the living God, with anxious Heart
Proud *Athalia*'s Purpose I impart.
With vengeful Haste she marches here,
To brave the God whom we revere.
She says this Pile conceals a youthful Foe,
Whose Fall she means shall end her jealous Woe.

Jos. O killing Shock of unexpected Pain!
O Innocence, my tender Care in vain!
Must I at last my cherish'd Joys forego,
And drink, alas! this bitter Cup of Woe!

A I R.

*Faithful Cares in vain extended,
Lovely Hopes for ever ended,
Beamy Dawn of Joy, farewell!
Gentle Death, at last relieve me,
For the cruel Woes that grieve me
Thou alone canst now repel.*

R E C I T.

Abner. O cease, fair Princess, to indulge your Woe!
No Mortal to your Son can prove a Foe.

Joad. This Grief, O *Josabeth*, degrades your Soul;
Can God no longer *Judah*'s Foes controul?
I trust he will his gracious Care employ,
To make us close this Festival with Joy.

A I R.

*Gloomy Tyrant, we disdain
All the Terrors you intend;
All your Fury will be vain,
And in low Confusion end.*

Hallelujah!



P A R T II.

S C E N E I. *The Temple.*

JOASH, JOAD, JOSABETH, ABNER, *Priests, Levites, and*
Chorus.

C H O R U S *of Priests and Levites.*

† † † H E mighty Power in whom we trust,
† † † Is ever to his Promise just ;
† † † T † † He makes this sacred Day appear
† † † † † † The Pledge of a propitious Year.

A I R.

Joad. *He bids the circling Season shine,
Recals the Olive and the Vine,
With blooming Plenty loads the Plain,
And crowns the Fields with golden Grain.*

Grand C H O R U S.

*Give Glory to his awful Name ;
Let ev'ry Voice his Praise proclaim !*

A I R.

Josab. *Through the Land so lovely blooming,
Nature, all her Charms assuming,
Wakes the Soul to chearful Praise :
Verdant Scenes around us rising,
Each delighted Sense surprising,
Softly crown the circling Days.*

R E C I T.

A T H A L I A.

11

R E C I T.

Abner. Ah! were this Land from proud Oppression
freed,
Judea would be blest'd indeed!

Joad. O *Abner*! wer't thou certain that the Sword
Had not devour'd the Race by thee deplor'd;
Did one dear Branch of that great Stem remain,
Wouldst thou, O *Abner*, then his Cause maintain?

A I R.

Abner. *Ab canst thou but prove me!*
To Vengeance I spring;
No Terrors shall move me,
I'll fall for my King.
But whilst you relieve me
A while from my Pain,
I fear you deceive me
With Joys that are vain.

R E C I T.

Jo. Thou dost the Ardours that I wish display;
Revisit me before the Close of Day.
See! see the proud imperious Queen
Approaches with a glaring Mien!

S C E N E II.

Enter ATHALIA, MATHAN, and Attendants.

Ath. Confusion to my Thoughts! my Eyes have view'd
My dreadful Vision in this Place renew'd!
Thro' all my Veins the chilling Horrors run. [*Aside.*
Say, *Josabeth*, is this fair Youth thy Son?

B 2

Jos.

Jos. Tho' much he merits my fond Love, yet he
Is not indebted for his Birth to me.

Ath. Who is thy Father? Let his Name be known.
[To *Joash*.

Jos. He has no Father but kind Heav'n alone.

Ath. Why so officious does thy Zeal appear?
I mean the Answer from his Lips to hear.
How art thou call'd?—

Joash. Eliakim.—

Ath. Unfold

Thy Father's Name.—

Joash. In me, alas! behold]
An Orphan, cast on Providence, and ne'er
As yet acquainted who his Parents were.

Ath. Give me to understand whose tender Cares
Sustain'd and rear'd thee in thy Infant Years?

A I R.

Joash. Will God, whose Mercies ever flow,
Expose his Children's Youth to Woe?
The little Birds his Bounty taste;
All Nature with his Gifts is grac'd:
Each Day that I his Care implore,
He feeds me from his Altar's Store.

R E C I T.

Ath. 'Tis my Intention, lovely Youth, that you
A Scene more suited to your Worth shall view;
You to the Palace shall this Day repair,
And live consign'd to *Athalia*'s Care.

[*Joash*.

Joash. Shall I behold the God by whom I'm blest'd,
Profan'd by you, with Rites that I detest?

Atb. Princess, in Discipline you much excel; [*To* *Josab.*
Whate'er you dictate he remembers well:
But be assur'd that one revolving Hour,
Shall snatch your learned Pupil from your Power.

A I R.

*My Vengeance awakes me,
Compassion forsakes me,
All Softness and Mercy away!
My Foes with Confusion
Shall find their Illusion,
And tremble before me To-day.*

[*Exit Atb.*

D U E T.

Josab. *My Spirits fail, I faint, I die!
The Grave shall hide my Head!
My Grief's too great to bear!—*

Joash. *Ab, why!*

Is Hope for ever fled?

Josab. *For thee, Sorrows rend me.*

Joash. *Kind Heav'n will defend me.*

Josab. *Thy Ardours affect me.*

Joash. *He sure will protect me.*

Both. *Whate'er this Tyrant may decree,
O God, I place my Trust in thee!*

S C E N E III.

Re-enter to them JOAD, *Chorus of young Virgins, Chorus of
Priests and Levites.*

Joad. Dear *Josabeth*, I trembled whilst thy Woe
Did in its first Emotions wildly flow;

But

But when at last thou didst the Pang controul,
My fading Joy rekindled in my Soul.

D U E T.

*Cease thy Anguish, smile once more,
Let thy Tears no longer flow ;
Judah's God, whom we adore,
Soon to Joy will change thy Woe.*

Josab. *All his Mercies I review,
Gladly, with a grateful Heart ;
And I trust he will renew
Blessings he did once impart.*

Both. *Whate'er this Tyrant may decree,
Returning Joys we soon shall see.*

R E C I T.

*Abner. Joad, 'e're Day has ended half its Race,
Again expect me in this sacred Place.*

C H O R U S of Young Virgins.

*The clouded Scene begins to clear,
And Joys in soft Array appear.*

C H O R U S of Priests and Levites.

*When Crimes aloud for Vengeance call,
The Guilty will be doom'd to fall.*

Grand C H O R U S.

*Rejoice, O Judah, in thy God !
The Proud alone shall feel his Rod :
Whilst Blessings, with a mild Decree,
His Mercy now prepares for thee.*

P A R T



P A R T III.

S C E N E I.

JOAD, JOASH, JOSABETH, Chorus of young Virgins, Priests
and Levites.

J O A D.

* * * * * H A T sacred Horrors shake my Breast!
* * * * * Ah! 'tis the Power divine confess'd.
W * * * * * Who can his Energy controul?
* * * * * He comes, he comes, and fires my Soul!

C H O R U S.

*Unfold, great Seer, what Heaven imparts,
And speak glad Tidings to our Hearts!*

R E C I T.

Joad. Let Harmony breathe soft around,
And aid my Raptures with the Sound.

A I R.

*Jerusalem! thou shalt no more
A Tyrant's guilty Reign deplore;
No longer with dejected Brow,
Shalt solitary sit, as now!*

Her

*Her Fury soon shall cease to grieve thee ;
 Destin'd Vengeance swiftly flies :
 Heaven itself will now relieve thee ;
 See ! she falls, she bleeds, she dies !*

C H O R U S.

*O shining Mercy, gracious Power,
 That aids us in the needful Hour !*

R E C I T.

Joad. [to Joash.] Eliakim.—

Joash. My Father.—

Joad. Let me know,

*Should Heav'n on thee a Diadem bestow,
 What Reign of Judah's Kings wouldst thou that Day
 Choose for the Model of thy future Sway ?*

*Joash. Should God such Glory for my Lot ordain,
 Like righteous David I would wish to reign.*

*Joad. O Joash ! O my King ! thus low to thee
 I pay the Homage of the bended Knee.*

*Joash. Is this Reality, or kind Deceit ?
 Ah, can I see my Father at my Feet !*

*Josab. Ye sacred Bands, who serve the God of Truth,
 Revere your Sovereign in that royal Youth !*

C H O R U S.

*With firm united Hearts, we all
 Will conquer in his Cause, or fall.*

[Exeunt all but Josabeth.]

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

JOSABETH, and to her MATHAN.

Math. O Princess! I approach thee to declare
How much thy Welfare is my Care.

Jos. What means, proud *Mathan*, thy Intrusion here?
Has Heav'n no Vengeance for thy Crimes to fear?

Math. Fair *Josabeth*, tho' you insult me so,
Trust me, in *Mathan* you behold no Foe.

A I R.

Josab. *Soothing Tyrant, falsely smiling,*
Virtue's Foes I ne'er shall fear;
Flatt'ring Sounds, and Looks beguiling,
Loose their artful Meaning here.
Go, thou vain Deceiver, go!
Alike to me a Friend or Foe.

S C E N E III.

Re-enter JOAD.

Joad. Apostate Priest! how canst thou dare
To violate this House of Prayer?

Math. *Joad*, I scorn thy proud insulting Mien;
Prepare to answer thy offended Queen.

S C E N E IV.

ATHALIA, ABNER, and Chorus of Sidonian Priests.

Atb. O bold Seducer! art thou there?
Where is the Youth, inform me where?

C

Joad.

A T H A L I A.

Joad. Ye Priests, the Youth before her bring :
Proud Woman ! there, behold our King !

C H O R U S.

*Around let Acclamations ring ;
Hail ! royal Youth ! long live the King !*

A I R.

Joad. Reviving Judah shall no more
Detested Images adore ;
We'll purge with a reforming Hand
Idolatry from out the Land.

C H O R U S.

*May God, from whom all Mercies spring,
Bless the true Church, and save the King !*

R E C I T.

Atb. O Treason ! Treason ! impious Scene !
Abner, avenge thy injur'd Queen !

Joad. Great Chief, behold the royal *Joash* there,
Preserv'd by *Josabeth's* successful Care !
Thy dauntless Loyalty of Soul I know ;
Thou canst not be to *David's* Race a Foe.

Abn. Does Heav'n this Blessing then at last accord !
O royal *Joash* ! O my honour'd Lord !

A I R.

*Oppression, no longer I dread thee,
Thy Terrors, proud Queen, I despise ;
Thy Crimes to Confusion have led thee,
And Judah triumphant shall rise.*

R E C I T.

R E C I T.

Ath. Where am I! Furies! wild Despair!
Where are my Guards, my Vassals, where?

Matban, invoke thy God to shed
His Vengeance on each Rebel's Head.

Math. He hears no more, our Hopes are past,
The *Hebrews'* God prevails at last.
Alas! alas! my broken Vow!
His dreadful Hand is on me now!

A I R.

*Hark! hark! his Thunders round me roll,
His angry awful Frowns I see;
His Arrows wound my trembling Soul.
Is no more Mercy left for me?
Ah no! he now denies to save;
Open, O Earth, and be my Grave!*

R E C I T.

Joad. Yes, proud Apostate! thou shalt fall;
Thy Crimes aloud for Vengeance call.

Ath. I see all Hopes, all Succours fail,
And *Judab's* God will now prevail:
I see my Death this Day decreed;
But, Traitors, I can dare to bleed!
Let *Jezebel's* great Soul my Bosom fill,
And ev'n in Death, proud Priest, I'll triumph still!

A I R.

*To Darknefs eternal,
And Horrors infernal,
Undaunted I'll hasten away.
O Tyrants, your Treason
Shall, in the due Season,
Weep Blood for this barbarous Day.*

SCENE

A T H A L I A.

S C E N E *the* L A S T.

JOASH, JOAD, JOSABETH, ABNER, *and Chorus.*

Joad. Now, *Josabeth*, thy Fears are o'er.

Josab. Bless'd be his Name whom we adore!

D U E T.

Joad. Joys in gentle Trains appearing,
Heav'n does to my Fair impart;
 And to make them more endearing,
 I shall share them with my Heart.

Josab. Softest Joys would but deceive me,
 Hadst thou not thy happy Part;
 O my dearest Lord, believe me,
 Thou shalt share them with my Heart.

R E C I T.

Abner. Rejoice, O *Judah*, this triumphant Day,
 Let all the Goodness of our God display!
 Whose Mercies to the wond'ring World declare,
 His chosen People are his chosen Care.

Grand C H O R U S.

Give Glory to his awful Name,
 Let ev'ry Voice his Praise proclaim! Hallelujah!

F I N I S.

